

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXXI.—NO 8

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1898.

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The Riddle ... of a Lock

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



HERE was upon
his face an in-
terest, and even a
combative look,
as he stood in
the window of the
widow's piazza,
with his hand upon
the bell-pull. He
seemed about to
ring again, when
the door opened

and he stepped quickly in, while a
graceful form receded timidly before
him. A pair of moist, dark eyes and a
troubled face were averted from his,
and there was a husky tremor in the
voice which said to him:

"You mustn't come in, Jeff."

"Madeline," he blurted out exclaiming,
"what does this mean?"

"Mr. Lapham! Leave Lapham!"

"Old Jacob Lapham's only your
stepfather. He has no authority over
you. His son is a fraud. Your mother—"

"Oh, Jeff, dear! that is the trouble!
They have made her forbid me to speak
to you! I cannot disobey her! She is
doing! I have almost made her make
me promise. Oh, Jeff, dear, I'm
almost crazy!"

"I should say you were," he growled,
with a fierce light dancing across his
face. "It was time for me to come,
is your mother really so low?"

"She may last many days yet; per-
haps not twenty-four hours. Stephen
Lapham isn't there, but his father does
not leave her for a minute. I've no
chance to see her alone. She com-
manded me not to speak to you."

"No, she didn't," said Jeff. "She
only repeated something after old Jacob
Lapham. What she was forced to say
was no command of hers. Do be
reasonable. She has no right to do
it, anyhow; and she really didn't do
it. Old Jacob did. As for Steve, the
young—"

"Don't! I know what he is!" said
Madeline, hysterically. "Didn't I
hear what his father said to him? They
didn't know I heard—"

"What did they say?" demanded
Jeff, as she hesitated, and he closed
the door behind him and led her into
the parlor as he added: "What did
you hear? Tell me the whole of it."

"Oh, Jeff, dear," said Madeline,
"Mr. Lapham said to Steve that as
soon as mother died they would record
all the deeds, before proving the will,
and then they would own every dollar
of the property. He said they could
make me do what they pleased then."

"What deeds?" he asked, in a firm
but unexcited way, that seemed to
help her.

"Deeds that mother made," she
said. "Deeds and things that give
them everything there is to give."

"Did you ever sign any papers your-
self?" asked Jeff. "She couldn't do
it alone."

"I don't know what they were," re-
plied Madeline. "I signed every
paper they had on the table, the night
they said she would die before mor-
ning."

"When was that?" he asked.

"More than a month ago," she said;
"and they put them all into the safe
in the library."

"I know where it is," said Jeff.
"It's your own safe now. It opens
with a combination lock. You know
the numbers, of course, and how to
open it?"

"No, I don't," she replied despair-
ingly. "I never knew how to open it,
I don't know the numbers, and I can't
tell you. They've kept them a secret.
Mother said once that it was the De-
claration of Independence and the days
of the week."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeff, with almost
a laugh; "that's a riddle. Is anybody
in the library now?"

"No," said Madeline. "Nobody
goes there."

Jeff's face was angry and stormy,
in spite of his calm, reassuring man-
ner, as he strode to the library-door and
opened it. The room had a chilly,
deserted look, and its grate was empty.
A fireproof safe, of medium size, stood
in one corner, and in an instant the
young man was kneeling before it.

"This is your safe, Madeline Lane,"
he said. "May I open it?"

"You may, but you can't," she re-
plied; but his hand was on the knob
of the safe-lock, and he heeked burned
with feverish excitement as she
watched the quick, though careful,
turns of his wrist.

"Three times that way," she counted.
"Three times that way. Once around
again—or was it twice?"

Just then she heard a faint click,
and she saw the door of the safe swing
wide open. It was as if a feat of
necromancy had been performed be-
fore her eyes. Those of Jeff were
searching the interior of the safe.

"Here they are!" he exclaimed, as
he pulled out of a pigeon-hole a pack-
age of long-folded, legal-looking docu-
ments, and rose to his feet. "Please
examine them with me, Madeline."

"This first lot," he said, turning
them over, "are all deeds, of one sort
or another, to your own father, two
or three to your mother, by which they
owned their entire property. All of
them are recorded. We have nothing
to do with them. I'll put them back.
There! Now, Madeline, just look at
these! All of them new deeds. You
and your mother to Jacob Lapham.
You and she did actually sign them
all."

"I didn't know what I was signing,"

gaped Madeline. "But there were
witnesses and a notary."

"Each deed acknowledges a large
sum of money actually paid, and here
are the mortgages, bonds, notes, that
old Jacob Lapham paid that money out
for."

"There never were any mortgages,"
said Madeline, "but those are my
own signatures—all of them."

"They are dated as if they had been
signed three years ago," he said; "as
soon as you were old enough. It's a
very completely finished piece of ro-
bery. Hello! What's this?"

"She signed her will that very day,"
replied Madeline. "Aunt Wickham
and Judge Wickham, and two other
gentlemen, came here with Mr. Lap-
ham, and we were all in mother's
room, but none of them knew what
was in the will."

"Exactly!" said Jeff. "How they
did work the matter! Here are two
wills, made the same day. How could
they make those stupid witnesses sign
twice?"

"I heard Mr. Lapham say, 'Sign
here, and sign here,'" said Madeline.
"Judge Wickham was leaning over
mother and saying something to her."

"He was unsuspecting," said Jeff.
"This is really her will, giving all to
you and making Judge Wickham and
Deacon Morris her executors. This
other thing gives all to Jacob Lapham
and makes him sole executor, giving
you only a life estate. It says a great
deal more, but it's a fraud."

At that moment he was lighting a
match and removing the blotter from
the library-grate.

"Oh, Jeff, you dare not!" exclaimed
Madeline, "you must not! What are
you going to do?"

"Nothing at all," he said, calmly.
"But fire is good for fraud. How
well it all burns! There go the deeds,
and the mortgages, and the bonds,
and all the notes. The will went up
like a flash."

"Dear me!" she said; but Jeff was
once more investigating the safe.

"Madeline," he said, "here's a
stack of greenbacks, and it's your own
money. It is right where he can get
it. Don't you think it ought to be in
a safer place?"

"It must be mine!" she exclaimed.
"It can't be his! He hasn't anything.
He meant to steal it, surely!"

"Meant to?" replied Jeff. "Why,
he has already stolen it and hidden it
here. This is your safe, to be sure,
but it isn't safe enough. You are
going to put your money into the
Compton National Bank. Fifteen
thousand dollars and more. All that
old Jacob Lapham has stolen during
several years, except what Steve has
wasted; one way or another."

"Put it into the bank for me, Jeff,"
said Madeline. "I dare not, and I
cannot bear to leave the house."

"I'll put the will right back where
I found it," he said, as he did so.
"They all saw it deposited here?"

"Yes," replied Madeline. "Uncle
Wickham and the witnesses came down
and saw it put away there."

"That's where they will find it, then,
when they come to look for it," said
Jeff, and he seemed to be worrying in
a very curious way around the lock of
the safe. "There! That'll do, I guess.
Now, Madeline, I must go."

Not many, not very many, seconds
later Jeff walked unconcernedly out
of the house, as if nothing extraordi-
nary had happened. Madeline, on the
other hand, after closing the door be-
hind him, went slowly and thought-
fully upstairs.

A door at her right opened at that
moment, and a tall, grim-looking
woman stood in it.

"How is mother?" asked Madeline.

"Is Mr. Lapham there?"

"He is asleep just now," said the
nurse. "She has not stirred or
spoken."

Madeline walked past her into the
room, and bent above an emaciated
form lying upon the bed.

The face was placid, but there could
be no misunderstanding of the mes-
sage it conveyed.

"Oh, if I could but speak to her!"
hought Madeline, while her whole
frame shook and her own face grew
as white as that upon which she was
gazing, and then a faint whisper broke
through her lips:

"Mother!"

A pair of blue eyes opened languidly,
and the nurse now at the window,
did not hear as acutely as did Madeline.

"Mother!"

"My daughter! Kiss me!"

So quick, so passionate, so agoniz-
ingly intense was that meeting at the
lips; but Madeline could now whisper:
"Jeff has been here mother. He
sent his love to you."

"Give him my love, dear. My son!
It is easier to leave you with him—"

Just then the nurse turned suddenly
from the window, and a burly form
which had lain upon a sofa near it
sprang vigorously to its feet and strode
to the bedside.

"Madeline Lane! how dare you?
She must not talk! Have I not for-
bidden this sort of thing?"

"She is my mother, Mr. Lapham,
and you are not my father," said
Madeline, resolutely. "But I think
it best not to speak to her again, just
now. If I did think best I should do
so."

There was a motion of a thin hand
on the covarlet, and it was obeyed.
Madeline stooped and kissed her
mother, and then glided out of the
sick-room, closely followed by the
wrathful face of old Jacob Lapham.

As for Jefferson Meredith, his walk
to the village had been rapid, and his
first visit was made at the bank. His

next errand was to a dingy respect-
able law office.

"Judge Wickham," he said to the
white-haired gentleman who welcomed
him, "Miss Lane is somehow aware
that you and Deacon Morris are execu-
tors of her mother's will—"

"I had an idea, from herself, that I
was to be one of them—"

"And she wishes you to be ready to
act at once. She is not upon good
terms with old Jacob and Steve."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the old lawyer.
"Tell her I'll be ready."

Perhaps it was as well that Made-
leine watched at her window, looking
toward the village, and that Jeff was
not again compelled to ring the door-
bell, for at the moment when she ad-
mitted him old Jacob Lapham was in
the library.

"You take care of the bank-book,"
she said, when he had swiftly detailed
his business duties. "Don't say."

His face had darkened cloudily over
what she had herself told him, but it
cleared somewhat as he turned away.
Even Madeline did not hear him say
to himself, aloud, as he was going
down the steps: "Oh, but don't I
wish I could see old Jake and Steve at
work on that safe!"

Madeline reached her room again
unobserved, all the more safely because
her stepfather was crouching before
that obstinate fireproof safe, twisting
the knob to numbers that he knew, but
which the lock refused to know any-
thing about. He muttered, too, feroc-
iously, even explosively, and at last he
arose, exclaiming:

"Well! If I can't open it, nobody
else can. Sometimes those things will
work so. I've known it happen be-
fore. At any rate, I've got all those
things fixed so that the property can't
get away from me. I'm sole executor,
and the will just nails and clinches
the deeds."

Madeline lingered in her room only
for a long, deep, silent fit of thinking.
At the end of it she arose from her
chair with a hard-drawn breath, and
once more went over to the sick-room.
The form upon the bed lay very still,
but the loving blue eyes opened as
Madeline again pressed the thin hand
in hers.

"I gave you my message to Jeff, mother.
He sent his love to you again."

"I wish I could see him. My son!"
she whispered. "Say good-by to him
for me, dear. Kiss me, Madeline.
There—there—good-by."

There was a heavy hand upon Mad-
eline's shoulder, as she rose, but she
did not turn her fixed gaze from her
mother's face.

"What does she mean?" he harshly,
hoarsely demanded. "Her son?"

There was no answer in words, but
even Jacob Lapham turned pale, and
the advancing nurse drew back again,
while Madeline sank upon her knees
—for they were all suddenly aware that
the last messenger had come.

For Madeline Lane all earthly things
were veiled and put away. That hour
of sobs and silence was no time to con-
sider questions of property.

There were others in the house, how-
ever, whose business activities were
hindered, very apparently, less by the
presence of death than by the strange
perverseness of the lock of the safe in
the library. The knob of it was twist-
ed and twisted in the most wearisome
way.

"Steve," remarked an anxious voice,
at last, "we must have that money out!
The deeds and mortgages must be re-
corded! Only one will must be found
there! This is awful!"

"We've some days yet, father, and
we can blow it open."

"We must do it ourselves then. It
won't do to have anybody else open
that safe. We must let Madeline
alone, too, until after the funeral."

"I don't care," growled Steve, "as
long as Jeff Meredith is kept out of
the house. Her Aunt Wickham is up
there with her now."

Aunt Wickham remained with Mad-
eline all through the long, dark night
of the first mourning. Then followed
the strange days of interval between a
death and a burial. Old Jacob Lapham
had a great deal of walking up and
down in the parlor to do, for he was a
battered man, with more than one
grief to carry. The lock of the safe had
made too twisting to endure, but it
still refused to remember its numbers.

Judge Wickham came in, and Mr.
Lapham began to say something to
him about the safe and its contents,
and its conduct.

"Pooh, pooh, Jacob!" responded the
old lawyer; "you are in no condition
for business. It's no time for it, ei-
ther. Wait till after the funeral. I'll
attend to everything for you just now.
Madeline, too—she's all broken
down."

Another night passed and another
day came, and at the hour appointed
there were carriages at the door. There
was no occasion for remark, however,
when the mourners came out of the
house, in the fact that Madeline
leaned on the arm of Judge Wickham,
and entered a carriage with him and
his wife, her mother's sister, and with
her mother's friend, Mrs. Meredith.
If her stepfather and stepmother did
not like it, that was not the time for
them to say so, or to employ author-
ity.

The house was regained and was re-
entered by the family party, and no-
body else seemed to notice that Judge
Wickham went in last, and that as he
did so, he took the key out of the door
and put it in his pocket.

"Wickham," said Mr. Lapham, as
the old lawyer joined the rest in the
parlor, "come in here a moment. I
can't open the safe. Nobody else
knows the combination, but it won't
open. Her will is there—"

"Try it again, Jacob—try it again,"
said the judge, placidly. "You've
been too agitated, to nervous—"

"We'll have to have it blown open,"
said Mr. Lapham, "but just to show
how it is—"

And he did try it, with ostentatious
precisions, in full confidence that the
lock would continue its obstinacy, but
when he remarked, "There!" and gave
a hard pull, open flew the door of the
safe and its contents were on public ex-
hibition.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Lap-
ham, springing to his feet. "Remark-
able!"

"There's the will," said Judge Wick-
ham, calmly, as he sent a long arm in
and pulled out a paper lying in full
view.

The eyes of Jacob Lapham were
frantically searching the interior of the
big iron safe for something which they
did not seem to find.

"That is all. All correct," continued
Judge Wickham, "Deacon Morris
and I are executors. Everything goes
to Madeline! I'll take possession at
once. That is, I'll leave her in full
possession."

"Give me that paper!" roared Jacob
Lapham. "It isn't the will!"

"Yes, it is!" replied the judge. "I
know the signatures. I saw it put
there. I was here. It's all right, Jacob."

"There's another will! The safe
has been robbed! Money missing! Pa-
pers missing! I'm robbed!"

"It isn't your safe, Jacob; it is Miss
Lane's safe. If there is another will,
produce it."

"Leave the house! I'm in control
here! Get out! I'm in possession!"

"I think not," answered Judge
Wickham. "Your authority has ceased.
Miss Lane is in possession. She is ab-
solute, unquestionable owner. You and
Steve must go!"

It was of little use to storm, but of
course there was a storm, and it was
all the worse because of the bewilder-
ing conduct of that safe. It contain-
ed no other will, and when Judge
Wickham shut it up it almost seemed
to wink at him. The judge did not
stomach, but he was firm, and so was
Madeline, and she, too, was calm, al-
though she remarked:

"If Stephen were a gentleman he
would not wish to remain, knowing
as he does, how utterly I detest him.
After what you have said and done,
Mr. Lapham, you must go at once. All
that belongs to you has been put into
your own room."

"Come upstairs," Steve," said his
father; and as soon as they were in
Steve's room, he added: "Wickham is
going out to find Morris. As soon as
he is gone we will search that safe."

"We'll clean it out, too," said Steve.
Hardly they left the library,
however, before Jefferson Meredith
came in from the dining-room, where
he had passed most of his time during
the funeral services, and once more
he worried the lock of the safe a little.

"Is it all right, Jeff?" asked Judge
Wickham. "Am not I to know the
new combination? Can't you explain
it to me?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said
Jeff. "Lots of people remember their
safe combinations that way. The riddle
was no riddle at all."

"Independence, Fourth of July, and
the days of the week? How was it?"
I must say it's a riddle to me."

"Why," said Jeff, "don't you see it?
The year, 1776. The days, 7. Divide
so—17—7—76. To get your three num-
bers—Twelve the knob the usual way.
That did it."

"How is it now?" asked the lawyer.

"All independence and freedom,"
said Jeff. "It is 17—21—76, and that's
what'll puzzle old Jacob when he
comes down stairs. But it's a good
thing to know how to set and reset a
lock."

Jeff was in another part of the house
when the Laphams were puzzled, but
he knew how it was. Even the lock
seemed to enjoy it as they tried to
make it once more remember its old
numbers.

"It's an awful riddle, Steve," growled
old Jacob; "but we can't get in."

That, alas for them, meant that their
plot had failed, and that they must get
out.

Only a few weeks later Jefferson
Meredith was slowly, thoughtfully
turning a plain gold ring upon one of
Mrs. Madeline Meredith's fingers.

"I feel so safe now," she said; "and
it is what mother would have wished."

"Madeline's," he answered her,
"there are some combinations of which
only God knows the secret. This is
one of them, and it is locked forever."

—McClure's Monthly.

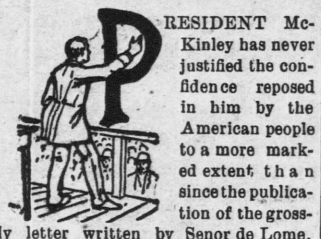
Jenkins—"I wonder how it happens that
Miss Kidd is always out when I call?"
Jones—"Oh! just her luck, I guess."

The Surprise of All.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Son,
Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New
Discovery, says that last winter his wife
was attacked with La Grippe, and her case
grew so serious that physicians at Cowden
and Pease could do nothing for her. It
seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption.
Having Dr. King's New Discovery in
store, and selling lots of it, he took a bot-
tle home, and to the surprise of all she be-
gan to get better from the first dose, and
downed bottles cured, her sound and
well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Con-
sumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed
to do this good work. Try it. Free trial
bottles at Vaughan's Pharmacy, Middle-
town, Delaware.

"Weyler seems to retain his military
tastes." "What do you mean?" "This
paper says that he desires nothing more than
a quiet retreat."

Washington ... Letter



ly letter written by Senor de Lome,
late Spanish Minister to the U. S. In
that letter, Senor de Lome personally
insulted the President, as well as his
own government. When Washington
was in a ferment of excitement and
men of prominence who are usually
cool headed were advising all sorts of
hot-headed steps on the part of this
government, President McKinley never
for a moment lost the coolness which
has always marked his acts at critical
periods, although there isn't the slightest
doubt that his blood fairly boiled at de
Lome's insults. Like the true patriot
that he is, he sunk his individuality and
acted only as the country's executive.
He merely requested the Spanish gov-
ernment, through the American minis-
ter at Madrid, to recall de Lome. Senor
de Lome had anticipated that and
cabled his resignation, and it was
accepted by his government before the
request for his recall was presented.

The wisdom of this moderation on the
part of the President is daily becoming
more apparent. There was another
important feature of de Lome's letter
in which he declared that autonomy
for Cuba and negotiations for a recip-
rocity treaty were only shams. Had
this letter been made public in a legiti-
mate manner, its contents would
have justified the most extreme mea-
sures upon the part of this government,
but it was stolen, and that fact was
not mitigated in the least by the ac-
knowledgement of its authorship by de
Lome. The government of Spain, by
accepting de Lome's resignation has re-
lieved this government of the disagree-
able contingency of taking official cog-
nizance of a stolen letter, and at the
same time has placed itself in a posi-
tion from which it cannot escape with-
out renouncing responsibility for the
contents of the letter and apologizing
for its having been written, without
losing the respect of this and every
other civilized nation. In fact, the
Spanish government has either got to
call de Lome a liar or acknowledge it-
self to be both liar and hypocrite.</

CENTURY CLUB.
The organization of Century Clubs by the ladies of nearly all the larger towns of Delaware at this time, is very significant. It means, we think, that the ladies appreciate gatherings for something besides the "tea" and social dance, against which they now have anything to say, but this century has given to the gentler sex greater liberty physically, legally, mentally. To-day she may dress more as laws of health demand than formerly; she is recognized before the law as having equal rights with her brothers; she is paid to-day more nearly the same salary for the same work. These are advantages which this century has brought to woman, and the ladies of Delaware show their appreciation by naming their clubs "Century."

The ladies of Middletown were contemplating the organization of their club evidently before our article appeared urging such action since the movement began so soon after our suggestion, but that does not lessen the interest of the "TRANSCRIPT" in the organization. We believe it means progress in many directions. The Century Club of a neighboring town has taken up the matter of compulsory education—a live question. This might interest our Club—and we use "our" very proudly as belonging to Middletown because we hope for much from this Club—since we are informed there are many children in St. Georges hundred, old St. Georges hundred, beautiful St. Georges hundred, productive St. Georges hundred, who never attend school. It should not be. The men have found no remedy for years—the ladies may, and speedily.

How far the Club will enter into literature, whether ancient or modern, we do not know, but as a possible suggestion only we give the list of subjects of "papers" read at a ladies' club by the members thereof, covering one season. This club contemplated many years of activity and this program was "The Reformation Era."

1. The Reformation.—What? When? Where? Why?
2. Luther, the Man, the Poet, the Translator.
3. The Famous Diets of the Reformation.—Worms, Spire, Augsburg.
4. Melancthon, the Learned Doctor.
5. The Nature of the English Reformation.
6. Zwingli and the Swiss Reformation.
7. The Beginnings of Protestantism in France.
8. John Calvin and the Geneva Reformation.
9. The Scandinavian Reformation.
10. The Reformation in Italy.
11. The Spanish and Italian Reformations.
12. Ignatius Loyola and the Founding of the Jesuits.
13. The Smalkaldic War.
14. The Council of Trent.
15. Catherine de Medici and the Guises.
16. Coligny and the Princes of the Blood.
17. The Regency of Margaret of Parma.
18. The Duke of Alva and His Council of Blood.
19. The Career of William the Silent.
20. Henry IV and the Edict of Nantes.
21. Mary, Queen of Scots.
22. John Knox, the Scotch Reformer.
23. The Spanish Armada.
24. Ireland in the Reformation Era.
25. Elizabeth Tudor and Her Courtiers.
26. Elizabeth's Home and Foreign Policy.
27. Ivan, the Czar.
28. Akbar, the Great Mogul.
29. Edmund Spenser.
30. The English Theatre of the 16th Century.
31. The Elizabethan Sea Kings.
32. The Home Life of the Period.
33. Sir Francis Bacon.
34. Shakespeare's Contemporaries.
35. Ben Jonson.
36. William Shakespeare.
37. Torquato Tasso.
38. Montaigne, the Essayist.
39. Luis de Camões.
40. Miguel de Cervantes.
41. Giovanni Tintoretto.
42. Paolo Veronese.
43. The Three Caracci.
44. Guido Reni.

The representatives of the two Republican parties or factions in New Castle County have agreed upon Daniel F. Stewart as the candidate to fill the vacancy in the State Senate occasioned by the death of Mr. Hanby. Mr. Stewart is a leading business man of Wilmington, was postmaster of that city during the Harrison Administration, and should be elected. Elsewhere appears a letter from a Wilmington politician giving urgent reasons why Republicans should unite to elect at this time. The letter was written before the nomination but that does not signify. Regular Republican leaders have accepted Mr. Stewart's candidacy in good faith and if the party is ever to be united now is the time to begin. Let every Republican throughout the county attend the special election on Monday next, Feb. 21st, and vote for Mr. Stewart.

At the adjourned session of the Democratic County Convention, held in Wilmington on Thursday, the rules reported by the county committee to the convention two weeks ago and printed in full in the TRANSCRIPT were adopted without change, though an effort was made to change several of the rules, including the proposition to oust from committee all who did not support the Chicago platform.

EVERY farmer should use return print envelopes. No letters lost when they are used. The TRANSCRIPT will sell you large or small lot to suit your convenience.

THE FIRST CONFLICT.
The State Senate on Thursday refused to confirm the appointment of Roman Sammay of Sussex county also Superintendent of County Schools. The vote was taken in Star Chamber session—which means in secret session with bolted doors—the reported vote is said to have been two for and possibly others voting blank.

The opposition is possibly "senatorial courtesy" for Capt. W. T. Moore whose son-in-law, Mr. W. W. Knowles, was seeking a re-appointment. Capt. Moore is a member of the Senate. It is an insufficient reason and especially since Mr. Tammam is the most efficient superintendent ever of Sussex county had. If "senatorial courtesy" is to refuse and dictate appointments by the governor without assigning a reason then the sooner the power of confirmation is taken from the State Senate the better. The history of the appointment is as follows:

In 1892 Roman Tammam was teaching in Georgetown and as a Republican was an active member of the Republican Club of Georgetown. He was the Republican Clerk at the election in Georgetown that fall. He was eager all times during the campaign to know "all Republican secrets." Republicans knew that someone was "giving them away" but did not suspect Mr. Tammam of being a Democrat until after the election. In 1893 when W. W. Knowles thought he had a walk-over for the superintendency, Gov. Tunnell, then a private citizen, and a half dozen others visited Gov. Reynolds and within a few days Mr. Tammam was appointed County Superintendent. There was a howl of which the present opposition is the echo. At the end of the year Mr. Tammam was superseded by Mr. Knowles and for three years he drew the salary because his friends threatened to retaliate at the election, and their threats won. Last year Gov. Tunnell had to choose between Mr. Knowles who had been superintendent for three years and asked for "just one more year to fill out the term" and his personal friend Tammam of whose service to the Democratic Party he knew and wished to reward. He chose Mr. Tammam—hence this situation and who does not say the whole matter is disgraced? The writer was a resident of Georgetown at the time and knows whereof he writes. The statement here made no one can gainsay.

REPUBLICAN UNION.
TO THE EDITOR: The special election called to choose a successor to the late Senator, Robert J. Hanby, is at hand and it is our duty as responsible citizens i. e. taxpayers to make every honorable effort to fill the place with a Republican. I am ready to work and vote for any Republican, regardless of his factional affiliations, so that he is a man who can be trusted to vote with the Republicans and against the Democrats in the State Senate upon all those questions that involve partisan and political principles and who is known to be a man of financial integrity.

The Republicans of this county, regardless of faction, have a profound interest in this election and they ask their friends throughout the county to stand by them. A conspiracy to hand over the affairs of the county, with its annual tax levy of over \$600,000, to John T. Dickey, has been hatched and came very near to a successful issue. This man has drawn more than \$100,000 from the county treasury during the last thirteen years, but he wants still more. He wants to get his hand into the treasury of the city of Wilmington. A large corruption fund is in hand now to buy a way through the General Assembly for the so-called Dickey campaign. To escape this peril and to save their city from the clutches of the men who have for so many years pillaged the county, the Republicans of Wilmington have united, have buried their factional differences and will support one candidate for the State Senate. This, too, is the beginning of the end of factional quarrels among the Republicans of Delaware. Our united victory in this special election will ensure success next fall.

Fortunately for the county and for Wilmington as well as for the integrity of the State Senate, a great many Democrats will not only refuse to vote for Dickey's nominee, but will go a step further and vote against him. As they buried John N. Carwell in the fall of 1896 and elected Horace G. Rettow for the purpose of getting rid of Dickey's costly and corrupt control, so they will vote for the Republican candidate for Senator in order to remove Dickey's influence from Dover. The Democrats of New Castle county have not yet forgotten the disgrace which he put upon them at the last election when by fraud he had himself counted in as a member of the General Assembly, at the expense of Representative Cheairs of Delaware City.

FRED E. BACH.
Wilmington, Del., Feb. 17, 1898.

THE WAY 'TIS DONE.
Senator Kenney, yesterday, introduced a bill to pension at \$20 per month William J. Williams of Kent county, late a private in Co. G, First Delaware Infantry—Every Evening, Feb. 17th.

This is not the first nor second nor yet the third effort of our junior senator to increase the pension list, which Mr. Kenney has so often declared against. He holds the list is full of fraud; if it is a venture the assertion the frauds are in the pensions granted not by evidence but by Congress directly. We further venture the prediction that Mr. Williams is a Democrat. Mr. Kenney would favor no other. If this applicant is entitled he should get his pension as others have done though legal proof at the Pension Office—if the pension list is a fraudulent one Senator Kenney and his other Democratic legislators are equally guilty with Republican lawmakers in increasing it. See!

THE TRANSCRIPT has this week delivered to the National Hotel the handsome Hotel Register ever in Middletown. No book too large, no job too small for the TRANSCRIPT which does superior work.

MY MARYLAND.
The Chestertown Electric Light Company has decided upon the site for their plant. The company proposes to put in a one-hundred-horse power engine and boiler and a one thousand sixteen-candle-dynamo. The necessary franchise has been granted by the town and the school in town will be wired and the school in operation by April 15. The capital stock is \$15,000.

Senator Crothers will introduce a bill in the Senate for the purpose of conveying the \$50,000 due Cecil county, and now standing in the name of the Elkton and Southern Railroad, to the Cherry Hill, Elkton and Chesapeake City Electric Railway Company—Ex.

The following comparison of the tax rate, &c., of the eight lower counties on the Maryland Peninsula is very interesting:

Asses. value of property.	Tax levy, sq. mi.
Caroline.....4,430,892	1.07
Dorchester.....6,240,199	1.07
Kent.....1,770,221	1.07
Queen Anne.....3,707,708	1.09
Somerset.....4,074,600	1.14
Townsend.....4,388,879	1.04
Worcester.....4,381,450	1.00
Talbot.....8,598,534	.97

Town commissioners of Crisfield have passed an ordinance to fine all children under 16 found on the streets after 8 P. M.

William W. Busted, editor of the Centreville Observer, died about midnight Monday at his home in Centreville. His condition had been considered critical since he was first attacked, on December 24, with hemorrhage of the stomach. William W. Busted was born in Tuckahoe Neck, Caroline county, July 18, 1843. He received a primary education in the public schools, chiefly at Hillsborough Academy. He afterward took a course in a private school at Easton Academy. While young he developed a fondness for the printer's trade and obtained a situation in the office of the Public Monitor, in Easton. After a time his brother, Robert Busted, started the American Union in Denton, which he assisted in establishing. In 1864, in partnership with C. T. Loreday, he bought out Centreville Times and started the Centreville Observer. In a few weeks Mr. Busted became a successful one, and he accumulated a comfortable property. He has twice been a member of the General Assembly. One daughter survives him.

G. T. Buckwith, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Buckwith, and Miss Redgrave, of near Bunker Hill, were married on Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents. Receptions were tendered them on Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Redgrave and on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Buckwith. The bride and groom will reside on the farm near Bohemia Mills, formerly occupied by Mr. Goldsborough—Elkton Appeal.

OLD SUSSEX.
The largest fish oil factory in the world will be erected at Lewes. The firm will be composed of L. P. Allen, of Lewes, and William Donnelly and N. S. Tutthill, of New York.

Miss Annie Lord, of Bridgeville, who is 14 years old, the daughter of Thomas Lord, a bride. Saturday night she was married to Charles Banning at Greenwood. Her husband is just 21 years old.

There are ninety-nine road overseers in Sussex.

The Town Council of Lewes, has passed an ordinance requiring owners of property on King and Second streets and from the D. M. & V. railroad station to the Queen Anne's Railroad station to pave their sidewalks. A commutation of one-third of the value of the bricks used will be granted.

DELAWARE COLLEGE PAPER.

PREPARED BY A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.
Hawthorne, as the greatest American writer of fiction, and perhaps the greatest of all American prose writers, should have a more conspicuous place in our school readers than he has. The fact, however, that his writings find small place in the books now used in the public schools of Delaware need not make it difficult for students preparing for Delaware College to make acquaintance with his works. The Wonder Book, which is recommended for reading, is now published in a cheap edition of fairly substantial binding, and there are still cheaper editions in paper binding. Meanwhile there is a short sketch of Hawthorne's life on page 213 of Monroe's Fifth Reader, and a fine example of his prose beginning at page 208 of the same book. Raub's Literature contains a sketch from "Hawthorne's Farm, Old Manse," page 408.

Specimens from the works of Washington Irving are easily had in cheap editions. He has also found his way into the school reading books. There is a sketch of his life on page 245 of Monroe's Fifth Reader, and another on page 385 of Raub's Literature. Irving's famous description of a country church is begun at page 241 of Reader, and finished at page 242 of Raub's Literature. Other quotations from Irving will be found at pages 354 and 361 of Monroe's Fifth Reader.

Oliver Wendell Holmes seldom addressed himself directly to the young, yet much of his lighter verse is easily understood and likely to be enjoyed by intelligent boys old enough to enter college. What is perhaps his best serious poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," is quoted on page 340 of Raub's Literature, and the poem called Last Leaf is quoted on page 342, of the same book. There is a sketch of Holmes on page 354 of Monroe's Fifth Reader and another on page 388 of Raub's Literature.

Edgar Allan Poe's prose tales are unique in literature, and a few of his poems are very notable. Selections from Poe's tales are easily had in very cheap editions, at 10 or 15 cents per volume, paper bound, and there is a cheap paper bound edition of his poems. The most famous of the latter are "The Raven," "The Bells," and the exquisite short poem "To Helen." Students preparing for Delaware College are recommended to read four or five of the tales, among them "The Gold Bug," "The Black Cat," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Teachers who wish to direct students how to get hold of cheap editions of the works recommended for reading should apply to the Secretary of the Faculty of Delaware College, Newark, Delaware.

The next of these articles will return to the subject of composition, and discuss the question of coherence in paragraphing.

Elizabeth N. J., Oct. 19, 1897.
Ely Bros., Dear Sir:—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims, if directions are followed.
Yours truly,
(Rev.) H. W. HATHAWAY.

No clergyman should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c. W. mail it. ELY Bros., 58 Warren St., N. Y. City.

KENT'S SILVER MINE.
Mrs. M. H. Nickle, of Baltimore, makes the following interesting statement in a recent published letter, relative to valuable silver deposits near Galena. She says: "I have long felt it my duty to inform the public of silver interests lying about one mile from Galena, of which few persons are aware at the present day are aware. In or about the year 1815 valuable and pure silver was found at said place, and sufficient quantities were taken out to be carried to Philadelphia and manufactured into knee buckles, spoons, castors, and some such articles. The then open mine or valuable deposit was closed, as it was owned by very ignorant white and colored people and they were advised to close it as it was about the time the British came to Georgetown, a place only two miles distant, and they were told that if the English knew of it they would claim it. As before stated the land was owned by very ignorant people and when the mine was closed they never made any more effort to open it, and the war and natural excitement which succeeded the war prevented others from taking hold of it who otherwise would have done so. Years later the adjoining land was owned by my brother-in-law who having traced some traces of it on his land had much difficulty in draining done. At the same time an old gentleman and lady staying at his house, who knew of the land, insisted that my brother-in-law should buy a small tract of land just over the branch, and which tract I now own—but said brother-in-law was of very dilatory and easy going disposition and never bought. Two or three years ago the same tract of land which I now own some specimens were picked up and taken to Prof. W. Leslie Robinson, analytical chemist, and examined by him. They proved to be silver, very pure. The silver is undoubtedly there, but the present owner, like the previous ones, is too poor to have it properly hunted, but can give satisfactory statements that it was there, and never having been mined must be there still. Present owner will give any person or persons large interests and inducements who will take hold and develop it as it once was."

IT KEEPS THE FOOT WARM AND DRY.
Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Chubbins, Swollen, Sweating, Damp feet. At all druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND AND WASHINGTON.
The first of the present series of personal conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, February 19th. Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond, and Washington to the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, February 19th.

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Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and going to return direct to Virginia Beach, will be sold at rate of \$35.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark, \$34.00 from Trenton, \$32.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

According to returns which have just been published in Paris with regard to the incomes of professional men, there are in all France between 12,000 and 13,000 doctors, of whom 2,500 are to be found in Paris. Of this number only 6 make incomes ranging from \$40,000 to \$60,000 a year; 14 make incomes in the neighborhood of \$20,000 a year, while not more than 100 make as much as \$10,000 a year. With regard to lawyers, of whom there are \$3,000 in Paris alone, there are not 400 of them who make as much as \$2,000 a year, while a couple of score range as high as \$10,000 a year each. The explanation is the very simple economic one that the supply exceeds the demand. Twice as many doctors, lawyers and other professional men are turned out yearly as there are places for the practice of their professions, and agriculture being even stronger in republican France than in monarchical England.

The Ravenna, Ohio, woman who applied for a divorce because her husband had lived with her for forty years and never taken her any place, not even to church, ought to get what she is after. A woman who got up and get breakfast three hundred and sixty-five days a year, darn socks, sew on buttons and keep the bed warm for such an ingrate ought to be free. By all the records of matrimony this is the first case of a woman complaining because her man doesn't take her to church. The rule is for the man to complain because his wife takes him there.

That a law compelling every candidate for matrimony to pass a physical examination showing them to be free from diseases as dipsomania, insanity, hereditary tuberculosis, or consumption, before being allowed to marry would be taking a step towards the millennium is doubtless true, but it is not expected that the bill providing therefore, which has been introduced in the Ohio legislature, to become a law soon.

A Strong Fortification.
Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles. "The Fly-Wheel of Life." Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Canon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Read the Transcript.

THE TRANSCRIPT, \$1.00 per year.



We have arranged to publish in the near future the following short stories:

Three Miraculous Soldiers
By Stephen Crane

A Night in the Divide
By Bret Harte

The Eleventh Commandment
By Margaret Lee

The King Diamond
By Cutcliffe Hyne

The Indifference of the Miller of Hofbau
By Anthony Hope

The Kindness of Godard Good-enough
By John J. A. Beckett

These authors are widely known and their work is of high grade.



Three Miraculous Soldiers

By STEPHEN CRANE

No young author has been more talked about recently than Stephen Crane. His stories have all made hits. You will like his new one, "Three Miraculous Soldiers," which will be published in these columns soon. It will be followed by other stories by Bret Harte, Anthony Hope, Cutcliffe Hyne, Margaret Lee and John J. A. Beckett.

CURRENT EVENTS.

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WANAMAKERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Feb. 14, 1898.
BLACK DRESS GOODS
FASHION SANCTIONS THEM.

Every woman from any winter audience in the Academy of Music could choose a black dress here—and no two need be exactly alike in fabric and design!

It is a black goods year! Fashion decrees long in advance, but we need to wait until her votaries have spoken before we can know how far her dictum will be obeyed. We know now. We are ready to tell it with authority. Black goods are to be at the forefront this year of '98. That means this, that the wardrobe of maiden and matron will be incomplete without one or more black gowns—not the emblems of mourning, but there by the dictates of style.

It would take a full three days for you to look with passing carelessness at each weave shown. We'll hold up a few for mental picturing—



SILK-AND-WOOL. POPLINS—must be forty styles. Not all true poplin weaves, but with odd twist of prettiness are yclept Poplins. Many catch the beauty of crepe in these heavier folds. \$2.50 to \$5. The wool poplins are 75c to \$1.50. And CREPONS are back, not as the mere fad of past years, but bettered into a new permanent elegance. Of silk, \$1 to \$4; of mohair-and-wool, \$1.50 to \$3.50.

BOURSOUFFLE is a brand new weave—the ground an etamine, the design—geometric, helle-seller and zig-zag—thrown out in shaggy silk. Six designs. \$3.

Just about a hundred and fifty GRENADINES—the name no more descriptive of the many beauties than would it be to let you guess of a hundred rare blooms simply termed "roses." \$1 to \$5 a yard, these elegant fabrics. Some are in Jacquard lace effects, the stripes joined by other stripes of plainer mesh, but even the plain plain embroidered.

Lyons sends fifty styles of EMBROIDERED GRENADINES—in swivel stitch, and that is nearest to human handiwork. Then there are Shirred Silks, clasped with grenadines—the shirring held by wool cords.

Here is an EMBROIDERED HERNANI, with thick bayadere cords of dull wool, \$4 a yard.

The VELVET GRENADINES have ground-work of a usual mesh, with cross-cross stripes that burst at each intersection into tiny tufts of velvet. Some 10 styles. \$1.50 to \$3 a yard.

FURSE—and called "Friszy"—is of mohair-and-wool, some just of wool. Ground looks like crepe, but it isn't, for each tuft stands bravely up from its back in close twisted curls and they, in turn, are apparently flattened here and there to form figures. Effect is billowy, like the waving of rips waist under a gentle breeze. Well on to a hundred styles. 75c to \$2. Some combined with grenadine effects, \$2.25.

A Word of YOU! Think every loom combination of the colored Dress Stuffs that the whole kaleidoscopic field of color-plays had been gone over. But come and be surprised. The new goods are new—new as never before.

Cute loom twist to throw up rice grains all over the surface of a fabric; certainly new to the eye with the trimming makers by weaving brilliant bands on the goods. Such P. P. bands as you've known are woven, too, but in new effects.

France, England, Scotland, Switzerland and Germany—their richest stuffs in wool and silk and in cotton speak in a common voice. Beauty reigns.

And Economy is prime minister, for direct gathering of these fabrics effects large savings. These are yours.

A brief list of new arrivals, follows:

- All-wool illuminated pin-checks, in eight color combinations, 44 inches wide, \$1.25.
- Two-toned Herringbone Striped Melange in five color combinations, 44 inches wide, \$1.75.
- Multi-color Poplins, in eight colors, 44 inches wide, \$1.25.
- Banded Silk and Wool Covert mixture, in eight colors, 45 inches wide, \$1.75.
- Imported Covert Cloths, in all the new spring shades—brown, beige, myrtles, grays and blues, \$2.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.
- Fancy Piccadilly striped Poplins; 6 color combinations, 44 inches wide, \$1.25.
- Silk-and-wool pin-strip crepe brilliants, 45 inches wide, \$1.85.
- Self-colored figured Mohair Battists; colors, beige, brown, gray and navy; 47 inches wide, \$1.25.
- Self-colored Mohair Striped Poplins; colors, marine, navy, gray, brown, beige and olive; 42 inches wide, \$1.25.
- Striped Mohair Battist; self colors, 46 inches wide, \$1.50.

Lillian Corsets
The tedious waiting is over again for the present. Two bad that we must go to Europe for such correctness. But we should be satisfied—they're worth waiting for.



Glad to have them for even a week or so, rather than not at all. Plenty of the finer Lillians; but these two sorts always go in a jiffy. Ample lots today.

AT \$1.—Special Lillians: of Covert, with satin stripes extra long; corded bust, beautifully trimmed with lace.

AT \$1.25.—Lillian Corsets, of Covert, heavily boned; medium length; two silk cords, trimmed with lace and ribbon.

John Wanamaker.

WHY ARE WE Always Busy

Not Because of Flowery Exaggerated Statements But Because of Real Values Truthfully Announced.

FLANNELS AND MUSLINS.

Extra Heavy Long Nap Cream Shaker Flannel, 28 inches wide, 7 cents the yard instead of 10 cents.

Extra Heavy Long Nap Unbleached Canton Flannel, 28 inches wide, 5 cents the yard instead of 8 cents.

Fine Pure Noal Cream White Flannel, 27 inches wide, 20 cents the yard instead of 25 cents.

Extra Heavy All-Wool Shaker Flannel, 32 inches wide, 25 cents the yard instead of 30 cents.

Extra Heavy Bleached Sheets, 90x90, ready-made, Hemstitched and well-made, 60 cents instead of 75 cents.

Extra Heavy Bleached Sheets, 81x90, ready made, Hemstitched and well-made, 56 cents instead of 70 cents.

Extra Heavy Marseilles Pattern White Bed Spreads, 98 cents, Hemmed and ready for use.

Calicoes, best makes, including Cochees, Gloucesters, Hamiltons and Simpsons, all at 5 cents the yard.

Hill Muslin, full yard wide, 5 1/2 cents the yard instead of 8 cents.

Extra Heavy Unbleached Muslin, full yard wide, 5 cents the yard instead of 8 cents.

NEW DEPARTMENT.

CARPETS.

All-Wool Ingrain Carpet, Double Extra Super, new patterns, 60 cents per yard.

BRUSSEL EFFECTS.—Wool Ingrain Brussel Effects, handsome patterns, extra heavy, 50 cents per yard.

Double Chain Ingrain, heavy weave, 29 cents per yard.

Double Chain Ingrain, fine assortment, 25 cents per yard.

Fine Ingrain's; beautiful colors and patterns, 22 cents per yard.

MATTINGS.

China Matting, good quality, roll 40 yards, \$3.60.

China Matting, extra heavy, 40 yard rolls, \$5.00.

Cotton Warp, White and Colored Japanese Matting, 40 yard roll, \$8.00.

Extra Fine Cotton Warp Japanese Matting, one of the finest made, 40 yard roll, \$12.00.

J. B. MESSICK,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

HOME DYEING MAYPOLE SOAP.

A Pleasure at Last.
WASHES AND DYES AT ONE OPERATION ANY COLOR.

The Cleanest, Fastest Dye for Soiled or Faded Shirt Waists, Blouses, Ribbons, Curtains, Underlinen, etc., whether Silk, Satin, Cotton or Wool. Sold in All Colors by Grocers and Druggists, or mailed free for 15 cents. Address, THE MAYPOLE SOAP DEPOT, 127 Duane Street, New York.

